

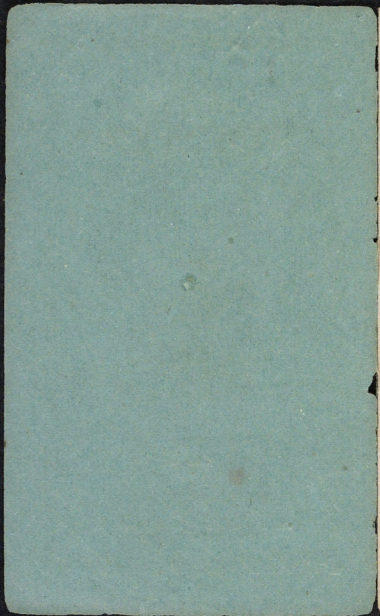
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STORY FOR  
**CHARLES.**



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**A PHELPS—Greenfield.**



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**Story for Charles.**



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**GREENFIELD.**

**A. Phelps....1845.**

A B C D E

F G H I J K

L M N O P

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THERE was a little boy ; he was not a big boy, for if he had been a big boy I suppose he would have been wiser ; but this was a little boy not higher than the table, and his papa and mamma sent him to school. It was a very pleasant morning ; the sun shone, and the birds sung on the trees. Now this little boy did not much love his book, for he was but a silly little boy. as I told you : and he had a great mind to play instead of going to school. And he saw a bee flying about, first upon one flower and then upon another ; so he said, pretty bee ! will you



come and play with me? But the bee said, No, I must not be idle, I must go and gather honey. Then the little boy met a dog, and he said,



Dog! will you play with me? But the dog said No, I must not be idle, I am going to catch a hare for my master's dinner, I must make haste and catch it. Then the little boy went by a hay-rick, and he saw a



bird pulling some hay out of the hay-rick, and he said Bird! will you come and play with me? But the bird said, No, I must not be idle, I must get some hay to build my nest with, and some moss, and some wool. So the bird flew away.—



Then the little boy saw a horse, and



said, Horse! will you play with me? But the Horse said, No, I must not be idle, must go and plough, or else there will be no corn to make bread of. Then the little boy thought with himself, what, is





nobody idle? then little boys must not be idle neither. So he made haste, and went to school, and learned his lesson very well, and the master said he was a very good boy.



